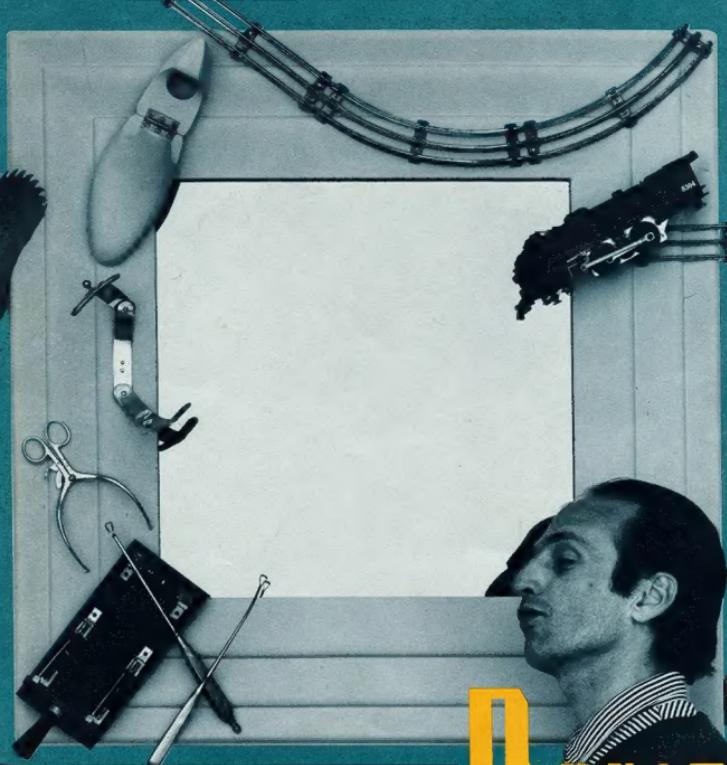


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# EMIGRE



5

ErManno Di FebO

Pinocchio Furioso | ROBERTO BARAZZUOL - DISEGNO GRAFICO

Cherries in the Afternoon

SAN BERNARDINO

BASSARELLI

1916 | I Spent the Summer in PARIS

a view of life in Paris, France & Paris, Kentucky, 1983

# EMIGRE

(em'ə grā')

THANK YOU

Richard Blair  
California  
Climate  
DNR Lounge  
Jim English  
Extreme Exposure  
Mark Farbin  
Robert Fitter  
Ivery  
Modernism  
Paradise Press  
Right Angle Interiors  
Lenny Schafer  
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Gilbert Becaud on Vespa.

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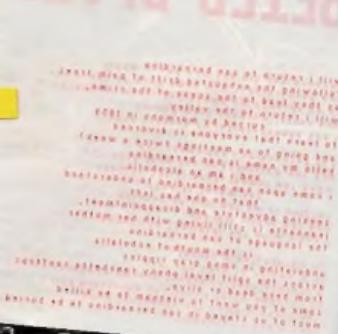
# EMIGRE MAGAZINE

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## SAN BERNARDINO



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# ErManno Di Febo's Extreme EXPO

Ermando Di Febo is an Italian immigrant who lives and works in San Francisco. He is a fashion photographer who, with his wife Mary Podgorski organizes and produces slide and fashion shows under the name of Extreme Exposure. He works mostly in the south of Market club scene, but his credits include such events as the San Francisco Film Festival, the Sonoma Film Festival, the Black and White Ball, the O.D. Network Convention and many more. This interview took place in April 1986 in Ermando's apartment on Sacramento Street.

**So tell me about this photograph?**

This photograph was taken by my father. There is some analogy between me and him, but at a different scale. He moved from a little village next of Italy on the Alpine Sea to Rome. This was a big step. It was the year before I was born, 1952. My father had to leave his wife when they grew up. They moved because my father was in the army and was separated. He used to say, very rhetorically now, that he wanted his kids to grow up close to Rome College, but it was never his decision. I came to the States almost by accident. I didn't plan on staying or anything. It seems to me like I am living the same kind of transformation as my parents. My father and mother speak between themselves in an Italianism. It is different from the city where I grew up. It was like when John Fahey was a little bit ashamed of his parents. I felt a little bit the same because we were not from home.

**You tell like a Romancio when you write in Roman?**

Yes, and it was embarrassing, especially when my school friends came over to our house. My school friends were the problem, just as in John Fahey's story. My father had this photograph in Sicily. This was his Landretha. (Photo et photo)

**What were you doing with this suitcase?**

Oh, it's photography. My mother is a choreographer, yeah she likes to do this thing, those set ups. The little city my parents are from is called Sili Senna. It's very small, but it's a very nice town. It's in Sicily, very close to Reggio Calabria. It's very beautiful. The Apulian Seas are very colorful there and the sea is very... on the South don't grow tea big. Wine grows on the hills, very close to the sea. Given if a kind of a seaside near Fahey, there is emotion in there too. We lived there, it was our beach house and it's still there, our grandparents live there. My father is now retired and he lives there. You still have his house in Rome, goes back and forth. For me it's a lesson home. It's more home because it's smaller, more acoustic. It's less home because I found it go there just for a couple days.

**Where did you go to school? Why did you look computer classes?**

Right, and this was a continuation of moving from Sili Senna to Rome and my father being involved in architecture. He kinda enrolled me in this school that offered a computer class. At that time, especially in Italy, the computer field was extremely small. I remember in high school when I took this computer class, it was 1975, and it was the only computer class in Italy. The other class was in London and we had to do a selection. There were only 50 people allowed in this course. My classroom was very physical for my age, because we spent a lot of time working with the machine. But I felt finally at home because I wasn't the one disconnected at home any more.

**So did you enjoy taking this computer class?**

I didn't, I was forced to take it through some intermediary contacts and my father supported it. I hate the computer class, and I didn't like it very much. And my father suggested I take the computer class, and I didn't like it very much. What to do in those days, looking back I would rather have been in art class because there were more girls. As a matter of fact, sometimes I talked about it with my sister... it was a big mistake. She used to say how I was frustrated with my work and I should not have done what father told me to do. But you would be in the computer business for quite a while.

For me the reason I left it behind was that I was really frustrated. I used to work in Rome, playing with computers. It was after I finished school. In all those three years, I worked with computers and I used to go out with my old friends, who were totally different people. They were either in music or acting or prostitutes. So I hung out with these very different people. It was like a sold personally. My sister used to blame my father's choice.

**Did you enjoy working with computers at all?**

I did not. It was also a little bit... more... stupidly painful, it was an absolute opportunity to learn something in your free time, and having the computer for you all over the world. It gives you ego an extremely strong energy. And that was something that I was glad to have had because it now makes me extremely relieved about success today.

One of the things I really enjoyed about computers was playing with their crazy side. In other words, most of the time when I was involved with computers it was to obtain a better performance for the computer owner's profit, and very

valuable for pure research. For example, one of the things I like most in my word processor is the spelling program which corrects your words when you misspell them, although there is the similarity that the words may match another spelled word you don't have. You know palindromes, words you can read backward and forward. With the computer, I found some incredible hang palindromes. Use this one...

**Show me a palindrome or two.**

**Spaghetti bondage**

... e poi noi ci riconosciamo  
(... and then we recognize each other)  
e ci incontriamo vestiti di respiro  
(and we meet each other wrapped in breath)  
in viali di lieve fantasia  
(in light fantasies boulevard)  
senza avere il coraggio di toccarci.  
(without the bravery to touch each other.)

**What made you stop doing this kind of work?**

Faithless was, and I'm going again... a girl. Actually I was ready for it, I was

living a life that I wasn't appreciating any more. I feel that I was... I was in my late twenties, and I was falling apart because of my attitude. I was a little

stray. It was like self-destructing in a sense, it was like eh... I don't

know... heavy metal in a certain way, or heavy drugs. It was like being high

and drunk because of success, and not really knowing what to do with it.



Ermando Di Febo. Photograph by Guerino Di Febo, 1956

In gium imus nocte  
et consumimur tanke



# PARADISE PRESS

**Lessons from the South,**  
a new artist's book by Susan E. King, co-published with  
Nexus Press (Pride of the South), in Atlanta, Georgia.  
Available in August, 1986. Accordion binding, offset  
printed with corrugated plastic covers, \$75.

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transform),**  
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coptic binding. Ten lessons from French, with prose by  
Susan King (in English) and poems by Jean Adolf (in  
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Cherries  
in the  
Afternoon  
Prose and  
Photographs  
by  
Suzi Roberts  
Italy, 1986

he was sifts of powder gone lightly over. the day was open yet quiet this morning i called it closed maybe private, it let me in, it would let anyone in if they knew the way and his red bike didn't stand out because he didn't rev, collar out of sweater grip on bars, a bit of warmth settled on neck or was it yesterday's warmth. cowboy eyes.



something

small being done. the pink villa. bringing the beach chair into the bar.



que fait. what are you drinking.

yellow clouds, a pitcher of water for daniella, pernod. and ice. softer tongue relaxed over shells. 4 sections of water to

boil, al dente. giving 3 little girls lipstick, lara, marzia and sonia.



sweet faces doing ciao. bougenvilla by

the fire. all the borders see cactus. the grill. melensagne. salsiccia. earlier pizza. arrived 3 of us the silver bike. we make light and had a blanket.



when marco

leaned to the left i fluctuated the right. off the bike, the night, her pensione family was harboring so you say buona sera and walk past and then after going upstairs you realize

the bathroom light isn't working, no luce.



so you

go down and the mama is behind the espresso and she ayayayays and 5 minutes later the light is on. a warm stretch

in the tub.



putting the melon on. putting the

chair in one spot bar another. letting the wind do the lifting. she's "mad" but not careless. be voyaged, sand people nose. the drizzling sun forced on her gladly. letting someone know how hot not by a look but by a finger, little boy talking in to the beach trash can and his grandmother shouting everything, to christo, walking out in the water the waves were slow, they did what waves did, they rode, all day to find the night and much later to dream it. safety has its breath on me. i was up before i could speak. kept distance until crossing it reaches you. fashion in fast, red veige, she unlocked torn towels, coming close with words, when the eye moved what else went, to what you write, the astride counter, ovaling around blue the hemisphere was on its side showing off, full moon as we walked looking for piazza tripoli standing on the street to red it was low it was the sun it was gracie strachella, sitting on the bench waiting for the burning and the hash for the cigarette. she thought of it and had time to look at the stars, she got to know them secretly, intimately while eating, after watching the salt which later became my contact, somehow cherries in water and vino laughing, enrico said val, low how we both full cream, eyes that carry cheeks, pink sweatshirt, sunburst right ear, needling to be understood and i was when the moon was red, when i took the straw and made the motion to blow ice cream, she calls them sweet shots, enrico's jacket, after chocolate on borsa, he made the sign to die for, the beauties gone dark, wind misses softie, no fence, walking with other people you can lounge, so i flipped and we sat blotted wind now, next to wine bar and where she tried on taffetas, the sky was making a mistake, remmed a bicycle where she could see travel walking, what i see in the distance is a rash of blue, what i see in the distance isn't what i feel in the distance, picked out of spark, mangiare guiso, do they offer their bodies the way they do cigarettes, he left the table dirty so people would know i hadn't been alone, smoking it down she still has an hour to go, garlands jade sandals.

melon on was giving herself away. the wind was beginning to hurt. when i got up from the chair once marco said i moved like an american. the blue truck could go off the road because he was the water.



we all take our

wind collecting. she's a marine girl and should be careful picking cherries.



yellow chairs on top of town. they tile their patios like swimming pools: they tile the roof. they tile something so you can see it. round corals took a swim. i look up thru the nose and there is the sun. her eyes invite themselves places. muscles out longing. i have a villa. when i stand up in the morning the world smells of calamari. so hot the sweat was in the pebbles, thought i couldn't move, got to the water and as i swam was cooled by the movements. luci, luci, putting lots of sugar in the espresso. sitting on the cove of the rocks lushing, the night fastens diamonds. once i had warm fish on toast. pulling the pieces from my eyes as i used to do for shag. the edges of eyes accumulating. tile is a cool place to breath. yesterday in the cove reckless, barely the stones slip you in, plunge. later in the fish bath black stones came out the size of a question. they float birthmarks over skin given to fate. somebody asks if i want something and i do. cactus on the sky baby. on top of a boat all the way to capri. lived some pink rocks. nothing hesitates to be beautiful. more protective the smell. cement with a seat of green tile. blue until plunge. lizards everywhere. large pebbles moon size. on an island, leaving is hard. mozzarella pommedore basilica grisini tornesi acqua della madonna. sprayed talk to rocks, really to ask questions and to see the grotto. capri sapphires glinting. white sand on the bottom and sun light underneath. the blue grotto. heads under. acqua, acqua. on the water sitting high up the hull, i was moving by rocks, pink grains. the longer i watched the more alive they became. looking should have an idea. the air continually cleans the rocks. these men she sees as iguanas, skinny to the water's edge. flitting stones it takes practice to walk on descending beauty. laps a bit of green or turquoise fills in. aqua, aqua, is now recommended to suffer the heat and be reduced. relaxing under a cover for her head. black flint, took the curves not the steps to get here. some of the stones are of places. some of the stones are of time. the moon steps further. gathering the stones you threw off your body when you were wet. plagued.



walked into exposition so smooth, music you can't put a finger on. no statement. glasses in mouth. it's all below. white drapes, it's where you live below sand, these are the pieces you make. it's dust to your breath. sand, these are the pieces you make. it's dust to your breath. it's a question i can leave. i don't always know when i've seen things twice. when the air has taken a break off what drives us motion is accelerating side to side. i've been shopping again. black leather, yellow bows, the body into dingles, a serious hoy over racing. spinach ravioli in gorgonzola sauce outdoors in a place picked by sight earlier. insalata radicchio, how do you stop motion. i walk slower, revolving in a very old city, playing with motion till motion was all i was, went into statues. patience for things that happened. trying to sit in a familiar place and see it protected. sitting still has it moving. patience has always surprised me when i have to behave. routes from calculated ridiculous distance. had to get indoors quickly because her mouth as in how she put it after having to lower her eyes this out of balance needs a center and i'm feeling tender in these cherries in water. but tonight a form talks. when i was out the talking was plenty. albergo firenze, is my artico coming tonight. finito. neckline passing. my best sleep was right after he left and the best light in the whole world is at 4:30 in the morning. it's a blur not everyone sees or hears. when milk holds still and makes some. on my side feeling the moist doing a sling shot. after the saw stopped smothering their worship the sun took place in the blue and tried to make evening. it must be 4:30 in the morning again. couldn't sleep the time to walk only one soul in red reading the newspaper. he pointed my direction and score water from the hotel bay. i really care back to see the light from my castle. mosquitoes working i had to come back to something i had. things will invert. i should lie for the blue as i know it's coming. soon. it was clapping, was horses, it was the blue light attending her. she kept opening her eyes. didn't want to drift off. serene and grabs across the shoulder. it brings the sweetest sleep. i was taking the sky changing. what won't obvious because defined. so fragile it had elated and evolved and centered red and enveloped until the next unearthing. when night has you guessing, asleep in the crest. she went looking for the bands of the arco and west pink leather shopping. piazza delosant is across from me. i left someone last night because i was so filled. couldn't give any more and didn't want to receive. i didn't belong to receiving.



DNA  
Lounge



# Newsweek



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# I Spent the Summer in PARIS

*a view of life in Paris, France & Paris, Kentucky, 1983*

All young people wish to try the world and  
to find our adventures, but the young of Ken-  
tucky do not seem to look upon their region  
as a place from which to escape. A pride in

the place where they were born stays with  
*And so life in Paris began*  
them when they go, if they must go, and  
*and as all roads lead to Paris,*  
when they return. Kentucky has form and  
*all of us are now there;*  
design and outline both in time and space, in  
*and I can begin*  
history and geography. Perhaps the strongly  
*to tell what happened*  
marked natural bounds which make it a  
*when I was of it*  
country within itself are the real casts which  
CENTRUM STEL. *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*  
give it history and a pride in something

which might be named personality



*prologue*



As a child he moved all over the country, and so acquired,

E-ZRAETH HADOT ROBERTS



is an artist's book by Los Angeles artist and writer Susan E. King who produces books as works of art at Paradise Press (P.O. Box 5306, Santa Monica, CA 90405). This book is part of series entitled When Two Worlds Collide, concerning the reality and memory of life in different parts of the world. It was produced in a limited edition of 150 copies with offset, and letterpress printing, early xerox technology, and hand bookbinding.



at an early age, the ability to adjust to each new place, and

I spent the entire third grade drawing girls

By the time I reached Paris everyone was wearing strapless evening gowns. The boys were out about the Moulin Rouge and the like was drawing battleships with anti-aircraft guns half way around the block. The world had aimed high in the sky, shooting down planes

decorated Matisse and my mother's feet were

at the edge of the paper. In high school I

confused when I found myself among a took Art I and made a painting of a girl strong of art lesson, based with Matisse, based standing on a balcony in a European type village.

With most of the art I was seeing, I settled

lager. I started looking for photos in

through the galleries of early paintings and

magazines to paint from and found myself

groping the pastures of Berthe Morisot or

drawn to foreign life. I was learning about

the history. Then escaped through the gift

art. My art teacher polished her fingernails shop where hundreds of tiny Matisse invited and we spent a week making candy cups for

to be purchased, past the guards having at

the crippled children's hospital. My mother

from the regular exhibit which cost were

told me about Toulouse Lautrec and I read

poetry, and walked independently out into the

about cafe society in Paris. My art teacher

beautiful morning light I should have done

became engaged and announced she was

that at seventeen. I thought before I became

quitting her job. I looked at Gauguin's paint

so sad

ing in the Cincinnati Art Museum. At least we

didn't have to make party favors any more.

that every year there was this year



learn its systems quickly. He left little to happenstance,

The only hard bread you can get in Kentucky

Our acceleration to French life was goaded by

is a package of beaten biscuits to eat with

our daily success at the bordergate. At first

country ham. And it is more of a rarity these

we are literature, obvious simplicity, not

days than ever: a sort of symbol of the past

knowing which of the many houses leaving in

glories of life in the South, something to be

the tall necks to choose. But finally we estab-

savored with mint juleps in your family's

lived a routine, and in the late afternoon

mint julep cups on Derby Day. All the rest

we'd walk down Rue Rembrandt and stop in

of the bread is soft. The corn sticks, the

more of the stops to buy lots of dinner

spoonbread, country biscuits, fried mush,

colonial cake, stuffed grape leaves, a bottle

store bought white bread goes with soft talk

of water. Our choice of bread for the day

with manners, with the tempo of south-

a question of great domestic debate. Our

ern life. You'll have to go over the state line

quality of life in Europe symbolized by

to find anything more aggressive.

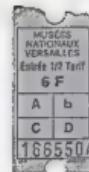
simple exchange.

that our life could change significantly

In the fifth grade our teacher told us how  
*The streets of Paris vibrated life. When we  
 rode it was to eat in public, on the streets. It  
 just couldn't manage to walk any farther, we  
 showed a lack of proper upbringing. No one  
 could sit on the edge of the Seine. I sat  
 at the Paris Dairy Queen knew this. There  
 and watched the light of the late afternoon  
 was always an abundance of double dipped  
 It's all you need to notice to know about art  
 cones and corndogs in evidence when we  
 at the end of the century. We saw everything  
 drove by. But used the habitues of the Dairy  
 on the streets from rascals going to workers in  
 Queen to illustrate her points about the ef-  
 fects of years of inbreeding on intelligence in  
 fresh flowers and looked instead to tourist  
 central Kentucky. But that didn't stop us  
 partisans of Sunday pastures in Montmartre  
 from ordering hot fudge sundaes for our-  
 It took us a week to figure out that the Post  
 selves. Nor did it stop the row of tobacco  
 potted hadn't been closed by student protest.  
 chewing farmers in overalls from gathering  
 but by visitors  
 in front of the county courthouse and com-  
 menting on the world from their favorite  
 vantage point*



*read history in advance of his arrival, and came prepared with*



and every week in our front yard.

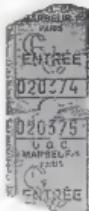
civilization



The trip to the river was a journey into the  
*Frontiers and I'd find the perfect salad. And we  
 psyche of the place. We always seemed to be  
 did, at the neighborhood restaurant, as far as  
 driving there on warm spring evenings, just  
 we could wonder that second night in Paris  
 as it promised to get cool. After miles of  
 Purple duck on the green and red lettuce  
 twisting roads through the forest primeval  
 leaves, seasoned with walnuts and strawberry  
 we came to two choices. Either the uptown  
 sugar. Only minutes before we'd been bad  
 restaurant, looking presentable enough for  
 died on the sidewalk in front of the restaurant  
 our mothers not to be worried, or the dive,  
 window. Mon-Mater or hand, trying to  
 the roadhouse, which burned to the ground  
 decipher the menu that just couldn't  
 periodically, where someone had been  
 be translated.  
 killed, where you had to walk through the  
 bar to get to the back porch that hung over  
 the river like all the sexual desire of the sum-  
 mer to come. Someone once told me that the  
 two restaurants had been owned by two  
 brothers, which made the choice of where to  
 eat even more complicated. We always chose  
 fried banana peppers, a pitcher of beer, two  
 steaks for \$5, and the roadhouse*



*an envelope of the right currency. He made sure they had tickets*



At night if you've done the only thing



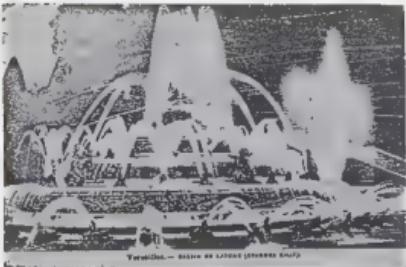
*Female, trying a new life in a new place*

*In the extreme left side a familiar place.*

As a child, my mother had been forbidden  
to see certain movies. She went anyway, In  
me, Always busy doing something. Mostly in  
the mid 1950's, my grandmother criticized  
the bushes growing on endless array of pens.  
my mother for taking us to see *Gigi*. It was  
eaten, pretense. Poor sleeves rolled up  
the only time I saw them disagree. After we  
covered with flour took a shower. Working. At  
saw the movie. I thought my grandmother  
was. Not sitting on the Champs Elysees  
could only be upset by the scene with a girl  
some never safe, drinking coffee, having  
singing in a bathtub. I was shocked to learn  
witty conversations French ones no matter  
years later how upset she'd been about  
how old, covered by black crepe sleeves or the  
*Gigi*'s dilemma whether to lead a wild and  
flamboyant french fashion. Never out of style  
exciting life as Louis Jourdan's mistress, to  
wear elegant dresses, and drink champagne  
every night at Maxim's. Or a more proper,  
decent calling. Either motherhood or  
spinsterhood. At age nine, I was too dazzled  
by early Technicolor and the big screen. I  
hadn't gotten that part.



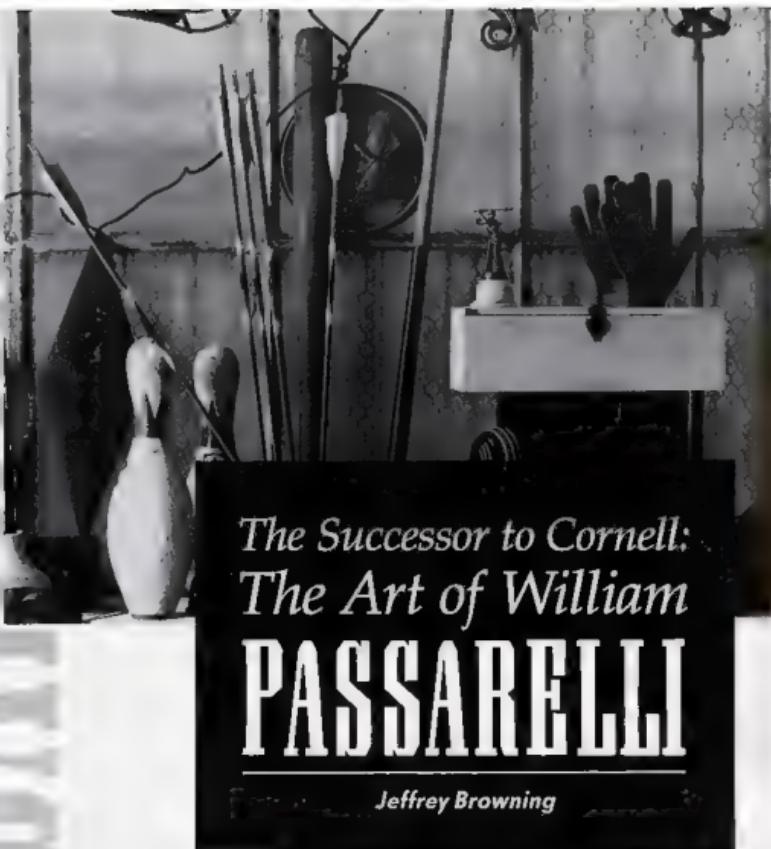
in advance of every event, and that they arrived at the day's



attraction rested, and well fed, and able to enjoy it.

Kentucky is always the same, somehow. I  
It was Michael's idea to go to Paris in the first  
moved to Susan's farm in Paris after a few  
place. He was very organized about the whole  
days in town. Once there we did the usual  
thing as he slept. He studied French all  
things: have breakfast late, plan a house  
water or expansion and festered over what  
party, and talk about the crops and garden  
we would do to the cows, since he knew  
that year. The day I went looking for old  
we couldn't go to the french theater and see  
photographs at the Bourbon County Li-  
brary, I made it out the  
library, it was so hot all day that we could do was rush  
shower with my suitcase packed and done  
home and make cold drinks. It gets that way,  
now, at all about what we would do. I hadn't  
sometimes. Susan says lots of times and has  
studied French since high school in Kentucky  
theories about the weather's effect on ev-  
I prepared by writing a poem to make a book  
eryone there. I always agree although I've  
about Paris and hoped for the best or all  
usually forgotten. So this is an attempt at  
counts. In Paris I caught up on my sleep, spent  
remembering. Remembering everything,  
from taking photos of littering on buildings  
and making it into a book in yet another  
and enjoyed the scene.

peculiar place, Rochester New York, during  
May of 1984, at Visual Studies Workshop



*The Successor to Cornell:*  
*The Art of William*  
**PASSARELLI**

*Jeffrey Browning*

Of necessity every one of us is responsible for creating our own unique world, from childhood onward. History and cultural anthropology tell us that the possibilities are virtually unlimited. Unhappily psychology demonstrates that the personality is shaped by repression and that increasingly with age and experience most people act more and more conventionally. Indeed many people derive their entire sense of self and security from dressing, talking, working, living, and especially consuming as much like their friends as possible. Even their criterion for friendship is conformity. Small wonder that conflicts of sex, class, race, and nationality result from an inflexible, defensive, and frightened sense of self.

Artists, however, emerge from the gauntlet of societal repression incorrigibly unrehabilitated. Merely to propose the infinitely rich potential of (unconventional) experience is considered iconoclastic at least, if not actually anarchistic. New experience is of course won at the expense of convention. Having wandered from the straight and narrow path (if they were ever on it at all), artists are convinced that their experiences confirm their own exceptional individuality. Hence they become obsessively concerned with primary creativity, very often to the exclusion of all else but adequate food, clothing, and shelter. Two particularly important early experiences started the young William Passarelli down the road to ruin. By the age of nine, the artist has stated, he was already such an "incurable collector" that he was forbidden to bring anything more into the house.



**Jeffrey Browning:** William, tell us about your Italian immigrant grandfather's junkyard at home in New York.

**William Passarelli:** He had immigrated to Manhattan around the turn of



## **J** the century and set up as a junk dealer on the lower East side. Business was good but the family decided to move out of Manhattan when a daughter was run over by a horse and carriage. The move to Westchester County was propitious.

By the time I came along the "Port Chester Waste Material Company" in the Italian community of Port Chester, was large and successful. As was expected of the oldest male grandchild by the age of seven or eight I was "working" at the payasay, writing every imaginable material to be labeled by type. There were separate rooms for paper, wood, various metals, and cloth. Now it's called "recycling." I spent a lot of time looking at magazines. I could keep anything I selected and filled boxes full of stuff to take home. It got out of hand very quickly.

**J** Your uncle's house also seems to have made an indelible impression.

WP: Uncle owned an bookstore and was known as "Sammy the Stick." Rauner had it that Sammy could get anything legal or otherwise, and you weren't supposed to ask how he got it. A group up subscriber like a s.v.s. he always heterogeneous environment with reproductions of Art Nouveau antiques and anything ethnic had been reduced to a min sum. There was some embarrassment to the source of grandfather's wealth, and it was impossible to talk about either park or Sammy. So it was as an outsider that I found saw Sammy's house.

Another all activity at the house occurred in the basement which was entered directly from the doorway leading up to the bathroom. I was directed upstairs to the first floor. It is no exaggeration to say that what I found there was another world. Samson was very slothy and his taste was so bad it's call "gaudy" or "neuwave" rich" but not complimentary. Overalls, gaudy, shiny, the best of it might have been called tacky. But that isn't what was so astonishing. Everywhere I looked everything—everything was covered in clear plastic vinyl! The studded Mississippi sofa, chairs, floors, everything was covered in custom made vinyl covers. There were even clear vinyl runners on top of the carpet. It was vinyl heaven.

Initially I thought that the upstairs was only used on special occasions, but later when their daughter's wedding reception was held in the basement, I realized that nothing upstairs was ever used. Never.

**J** At your grandfather's insistence were you as fascinated by objects as much as by magazines, where presumably you were introduced to the worlds of art and art?

WP: I virtually had no conception of art at that age and even though the junkyard was a veritable superlaunderette—*sous-vêtements* and textiles, I was much more interested in books and magazines, especially lurid magazines such as Confidential. For the most part I collected prints.

**J** How did you see when art was the 1960 New York Museum of Modern Art "Household" exhibition and what impression did it make on you?

WP: I was a junior in high school and the exhibition had a tremendous effect upon me. I had never really been interested in conventional drawing and painting and with this exhibition I realized the virtue of ordinary objects and the possibility of making art without engaging in traditional media. I was extremely fortunate with my first big national exposure to art when as a sophomore in high school I was asked to draw in an art class. Ms teacher was Mabel Datzman whose husband was the head of an education at the Museum of Modern Art. Her attitudes were very progressive. In fact her own work was very unconventional, being made from glass she found on the beach. I got a crash course in modern art history that year. Thus with my first real exposure to art became familiar with progressive contemporary art as well as had immediate access to the Museum of Modern Art Collection, as did my dad in my encounters as a sophomore the year before. I was primed for maximum impact with the Assemblage exhibition. It was like a huge green "go" sign. From then on I just wanted to make things. I had a studio in the basement of my house and was actively making art. Anything that wasn't pulled down was likely to end up in a collage or an assemblage. By then I had been to the Museum of Modern Art so many times that I had memorized the layout of each room and was always interested in other art.

**J** What do you feel that you should be an artist?

WP: The turning point was when I saw a poster and someone brought me a box full of art books from my shelf that had turned up at the junkyard. All of the important early MOMA Shows art catalogues were there as well as two original Bauhaus publications. I distinctly

remember *Tentative Art—Drafts and Summaries*, as well as monographs on Arthur Dove and Walker Evans. There were more than five books in the collection and I pored through them, ruminating. With the exception of the Bauhaus books which I later sold, I still have all of them.

**J** Moving on to art school, what did you study at Pratt?

WP: Pratt! Actually I decided to go to Pratt because it had the most Bauhausian foundations course. I had an outstanding drawing teacher that first year, Gabriel Ladevèze. With references anatomy or academic structure he would say things like "Once you got it, forget it." —which made perfectly good sense to me. As a sophomore I sat in on Richard Lindner's advanced painting classes. I didn't enroll as a major though I continued to sit in on some classes. Juniors and seniors pretty much gained and I didn't want to do that and anyway I had gotten much better most of what Pratt had to offer. By then, too, much of my education was a direct consequence of life in Manhattan. Artists were being invited as personalities and you could count on running into anybody who was anybody at Arthur's (New York's first discotheque), a concert at Whitney's Factory.

**J** After leaving school you worked in New York's largest rug, fabric, and art gallery entitled *Industrie* closing would later strongly affect your work as an artist. How would you characterize this period of your life?

WP: 1965, '66, '72 & '73 were by large a continuation of my infatuation with New York pub culture. As a drug a young man never had to Manhattan and from about the age of thirteen and fourteen would hop a train and sneak out, the city without my parents' knowledge. I had been taught gothic tales about the subway that I was afraid to ride so, so if I had decided to go to Washington Square, I would have the way downstair from Grand Central Station. On one such trip at age fourteen I met and became friends with Diane Arbus. I remember thinking that art didn't necessarily have to be painting or sculpture. While at Pratt I was learning as much as I could from living it. While at New York I was from going to school. By my junior year, when I was no longer enroled, you might say I shifted my major to life in New York. Two things happened at once at exactly this time. The emphasis upon youth was blown completely out of proportion and there was an explosion of interest in contemporary art. In the case of a number of young artists, these two phenomena overlapped. Artists became celebrities. As is well known, at that time Mexico was the back room at Max's, where you could meet and talk to the like contemporary avant-garde. I was sure that at one point I went there every night for nearly a month.

I worked at one of the best boutiques in Manhattan "Splenditissima," and my reputation was that I knew what was good I dressed people. There was a tremendous emphasis placed upon looking good and *élégante* edition was word to death that they would miss nothing and not end late into the night. The situation was more than a little absurd. Certain people myself included, simply elevated what was hip. Obviously for my own amusement I would wear something with a fur collar and pass it on to Mrs. Avord or another editor at a party or over the phone. *Audrey* irresistibly writes, bating their false eyelashes they would agree with me and the latest fashion designer was duly documented in the next issue of *Vogue* or *Bazaar*, France (that was s. inc.) to launch the new direction. The result of course was that I began to think of fashion as completely artificial and *élégante*. I was more interested in going to a bar or a club, cutting as a medium of expression than fashion per se. A person could spend a fortune on fashionable clothes and still not have style.

**J** At a lot of your work makes articles of clothing. To clarify your meaning and to prevent any confusion, could you elaborate upon the difference between fashion and personal style?

WP: Fashion pieces are ephemeral, but clothing remains as evidence. Evidence of personality. Evidence of a life. Even a dervish, who at certainly not fashionable, has a personal style. Clothing is a kind of historical record which conveys a great deal of information. Information about age, class, life style, sexual activities, personal identity etc., whether or not the article of clothing is fashionable. The word fashionable almost requires quotes because one might wonder, fashionable to whom? Every class, race, age group, etc. has a different and conflicting sense of fashion. If they care at all, so in the end it is unimportant. What is important is an individual's sense of personality, their identity.

**J** Your 1969, *Ben, Is about identity and the personal nature of the people wearing clothing and other pronouncements you see in your art?*

WP: Yes, through my intervention. Without my involvement it would merely be display. The conception, the editing, the making of a piece is as mine but I take care not to violate the object.



IRONING BOARD PIECE, 1974

**J** It was at this time that you met Hannah Wilke. How important was your friendship with Hannah and, through her, your entry into the world of Clark Gableburg?

WP: Hannah Wilke was incredibly important. She is undoubtedly one of New York's leading art teachers. Amazingly, when I met her she was teaching high school. What Hannah's, by example, allowed me to do was to make art, it is personal. Her art is both political and highly personal. There was no separation between her life and her art. Her art reflected her life but art made life less *hot*. There were virtually no preexisting limitations. Art is no less than *angry* in me, sorry for Hannah. Certainly no less necessary than food or breathing, and a lot more important to her personal life. All my art, and structure in her life can trace upon her art. Everything else was secondary.

Along with Hannah, Ciles Oldenberg, whom she was seeing at the time, was of major importance as a role model. I loved this man and I loved his work. Oldenberg's line of objects validated my own interests. Seeing his work progress from early drawings through all stages of production to installations in galleries and museums was a profound influence.

**J** Was the "Ironing Board" piece (1974) your first sculpture using vinyl and, did you make a conscious connection with your mother's house?

WP: Yes, that was my first sculpture using vinyl but I had already used vinyl on earlier pieces. My first use of vinyl was a randomly composed small piece of mail I had received. I then went on a work song, hinge sewing everything into vinyl, the community being that everything I used was my personal possession. Ever since I was a child I had collected things; and although, had a personal connection to everything I owned I felt burdened by it. Iffy. Freezing Things as vinyl was very liberating because it was a kind of resolution of my obsession with collecting. Nothing was precious and it was better to get rid of something by incorporating it into a piece. Pleasantries exercise considerable power. All their concern and in this way I was able to make my own statement, rid myself of the burden of possessions, and move on to other things.

In answer to the second question, no I didn't consciously think of my mother's house until soon thereafter when I began doing furniture.

**J** You never worked in both two and three dimensions simultaneously?

WP: Yes. The work has a very organic process about either painting or sculpting. All material is as the stuff of life. After having been involved with the others, it was able to integrate myself fully into sculpture. Now I am constantly going to my favorite clothes. At this point a lot of the clothing was going down the pieces. I want to return to clothing again.

**J** Was it at this time that you began to make your other pieces upon your bedroom ceiling?

WP: No, I did not begin to make my other pieces upon my bedroom ceiling.

William Powell  
photographed by  
Mark Robin  
San Francisco, 1986



THOUGH HE WAS PREOCCUPIED HE CONTINUED TO DANCE, 1966. 4 x 3

WP: Yes, all of these observations and directions were happening together. Not having blenders which would prevent me from doing anything but painting or sculpture I was free to do literature or anything else. The mood of contemporary art was very much away from painting and toward the school of sculpture. My own personal impulses have always been away from traditional media and against con-cetorial aesthetic attitudes. With the first chair I decided that art should be utilitarian and remember going through my house looking at every plane and surface as a potential site for art. I was particularly interested in areas

that had not previously been used for art. Shower curtains for example.

JR: Conceptually, there is a connection here with Rauschenberg's "Bed," although nothing you've done looks anything like it. Obviously Rauschenberg was making art out of his life and every day begins in bed. Was Rauschenberg a conscious influence on your work and were you particularly interested in making art out of mundane experience?

WP: No, Rauschenberg was not an influence. In fact I've always thought of Rauschenberg as "art damaged," meaning anyone who projects their conception of art onto the

world without being changed by the world in the process instead of expanding openly out into the world. Rauschenberg reduced the world to art.

Rather than being specifically or exclusively interested in mundane experience, I would say I am primarily interested in new and unexpected areas of experience, including ordinary experience.

[R] Rauschenberg's method of extending the boundaries of art lies by reinterpreting an object such as a bed or even a stuffed goat or an armchair which he keeps the same way as he does by painting over the essential form. To a lesser extent Kurt Schwitters did this before Rauschenberg and subsequently many other artists have used this method. Surprisingly you were able to do this with oil using paint, although you retain a number of painterly elements such as color, pattern, texture, gestural quality, and shape etc., gesture. In the absence of paint the artist intended to function like a stretched canvas to emphasize the presentation and negotiate the perception of the work of art?

WP: Rauschenberg may have extended the physical boundaries of art but he did not extend the conceptual boundaries of art. Like Schwitters, Rauschenberg is a formalist. Instead of expanding their conception of art, they reduced the world to more formal elements of their art. That again is what I mean by "art damaged." Where they reduce an object to an empty form to be casually painted over, thus violating the object without ever questioning their cavalier use of it, my art undergoes a continuous transformation due to a considerable extent by the object itself. Rather than adapt the object to my art, I adapt my art to the object. It is very easy to manipulate an object. It is much more



LOUNGE CHAIR 1973

difficult to realize its mystery. By manipulating an object you deny its mystery and I would never do that.

The purpose of the stage is to heighten the perception of the work, as art but I think of it more like putting glass over a drawing.

JR: Your independence of conventional painting media allows the reactivity of real objects which you are not required to translate into paint, and the absence of the static form of stretched canvas limits the gesture of the fully closed environment. I'm tempted to laugh out loud when I think that your vinyl pieces could be in any way related to Abstract Expressionism. But it is nevertheless true. You share an emphasis upon the direct and frozen gesture with tongue in cheek, a number of your works are clearly action paintings. The biggest difference is that the everyday experience of watching is shared by everyone who sees your work, which is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the excited nights of Pollock, Rauschenberg and De Kooning. Is it the raw and impulsive quality of vinyl which so obviously lacks art historical associations, that repels people to you?

WP: I would agree with the terms "raw" because to a considerable extent much of the best of twentieth century art involves a demystification of the archaic notion of "fine art." But, yes, the absence of precedent in the use of vinyl adds to its impact, that's what makes it right. Even when I am not explicitly attacking clichéd attitudes about art I still favor anti-traditional forms. One of the more attractive things about vinyl is the brusque and implied criticism of packaging in contemporary art. No one admits it but all the stars are packaged, and every deal is a packaged deal. At the very least we might as well all laugh at ourselves.

JR: An intriguing contradiction in a 1982 Dallas interview pertains to your aversion with gesture. You said you love the unconscious postures created when a person undresses and casually tosses a garment onto the floor or across a chair or bed. "Later you said you spent hours dressing and undressing to see how each thing fell." You've been found out, Mr. Cossat!

WP: And you were? You and Odile Thomas?

WP: It is doubtful that in art anything is ever really catalyst. It is the look or the suggestion of a chance gesture that is sought, not necessarily the reality. The effect is derived at consciously and, ironically, as is the case of paint-splatters, a *genuine* accident might be less convincing than a contrived one. Generally I am seeking the optimum visual result, not a true record of incidental fact. Art is artifice. The "varied" thing with the clothing pieces is to make the work look like an unconscious act. That's drawing, and drawing is hard.

JR: *Hans Arendt* made similar experiments with chance but only emphasizes upon gesture and, of course, on cloth changing.

*Deathtraps* suggests that chance were rigorously antisexist.

In this context it is explicit that you very carefully select each article of clothing for its potential attributes, anticipating the "accidental" dress or toilet of a striped shirt sleeve or a grid-patterned pajama bottom.

WP: Very often with the early clothing pieces I was working with minimalist elements. Socks, t-shirts, boxers, and little girl's dresses were all chosen for their visual properties and with a strong idea of what the work would eventually look like.

JR: The chance gesture of discarded clothing might suggest a very limited vocabulary. In fact, your work is a rigorous range of perspective, color, integers, noise and suggestion. Your patterns range from stripes and grids to female, and your color extends from the boldness of Pop and the sensuousness of Minimal to a tailored and munificence classicism. Beyond the formal qualities of your work the imagery is particularly suggestive. What is your feeling about the relative importance of your work of focus and suggestion qualities?

WP: That's very simple. The object or article of clothing should dictate the form and should only be realized by the work and never violated. If formal considerations are only means, then ends. When ends become formal, the form is empty.

JR: One of the most powerful suggestions implicit in all of your work is the absence of the person to whom the clothing or other personal objects are relegated. Especially the work involving clothing as highly figurative. Has this desire arisen?

WP: Again, all of these things are a matter of evidence. Man is the animal, who invented history. Is it any exaggeration to say that a person is what they leave behind?

JR: Does the meaning of an article of clothing as a personal object derive from its place in the lives of its absent owners?

WP: All values are ultimately humanistic values and hence, essentially emotional values. Objects, especially personal objects, carry a lot of information about their makers or owners, but hopefully the new work demonstrates that objects have a life of their own.

JR: There are considerable parallels in your work with sociology and cultural anthropology. Do you have a sense of gathering and informing about people yet if never meet who are perhaps dead and whose only remaining traces of existence are their former

#### BOYS T-SHIRT STOOLS, 1979

gestures which you are asking us to look at and consider a little more closely, not merely as threeways discards, and just, but also, in fact, important things possibly even totally important?

WP: Extremely important. In science there is a concern for neutrality on the part of the observer in the interest of objectivity. In art we know that we can never be neutral and that the very concept of objectivity is pure fiction. I am in fact pursuing subjectivity for my mystery that it is. My focus is upon the objects themselves, however, and not their former owners. I have so far deliberately avoided using clothing or objects belonging to known persons. A work, for example, incorporating a dress belonging to Billie Holiday would be compromised by nostalgia. Any other meaning would almost be impossible. I hate nostalgia. It's so muchless.

The true source of meaning is inherent in the object. The power of objects can hardly be overstated. It is much more true to say that objects possess people than vice versa.

The idea of possession is an illusion. No one truly possesses anything. But objects do have power and it is this power in objects that I am trying to realize. Do you know how vast that can be?

JR: The little girls' bags and boxes and men's underwear whose absence or tangible in your work suggest growing up, getting older and like their desire, dying. To what extent at your level about loss, separation, and death? This question was asked first this morning as we discussed the literature and immediately brought a big laugh and a response: "Heavy duty" from Postonell, which impelled us to issue to the opposite direction.

WP: Loss is vital. Loss is regenerating. Loss is healthy. Loss promotes change. One evolves through loss. Loss is essential, even desirable. My work is far more about life than about death. These objects are what remain of the life of their owners and more importantly, these objects have a life of their own. Objects do not die. These objects function symbolically and do not refer to specific individuals.

JR: Generally your work is signs and I don't think of it as slender at all. Perhaps that is because your work seems to celebrate the freedom of these people by giving us insight into their personal values and identities. And of course all of us have our own personal world populated by similar clothing and objects. Is it because you are inspired by these objects that your work is inspiring to look at?

WP: Joy and inspiration are difficult areas, particularly in the late twentieth century. Irony, sarcasm, "angst" and even cynicism are more characteristic of the bulk of contemporary art. Joseph Cornell and Georgia O'Keeffe indicate

that it is possible but they are extraordinarily difficult to follow. In the 1950's we are embarrassed by spirituality. We're too cool for our own god damn good. We aren't nearly as sophisticated as we like to think we are. We're naive at spirituality and think the source must have been born yesterday. Well, I don't think we're as tough as we act. I've got a heart. It's beating.

But because of our embarrassment... it is more difficult to be joyous, to be inspired, to be sincere, to be spiritual. When it doesn't work it isn't just bad, it's terrible! For it to work has to be smart. Anything personal is difficult. Humor can make seriousness accessible. Too often irony and sarcasm are put-downs. That's too easy. Humor can allow for the personal, comedy is more difficult than tragedy.

JR: Is your work radically about change because everything changes, leaving only the things that you incorporate into your work?

WP: Yes.

JR: Is gesture simply the most graphic form of change?

WP: For me gesture involves a change of tense. Present movement is frozen into past tense.



BOXER SHORTS, 1979



SPORTS PIECE, 1965

**JB:** The word "acculturation" recurs in your interviews, revering one of the French sculptor Arman's. His work tends to be mindless personal than yours and is often specifically addressed. As different as your work is, into Arman's influence?

**WP:** I've seen his work but it didn't interest me enough to learn more about him. He seems to be interested in quantity and sum total. Characteristically he violates the object basically - as with his cut-up musical instruments. He hits you over the head. I don't like his stuff at all. I'm sold, he's dead.

**JB:** Your "Felt Clothing" (1985) is a piece which uses *silk* of the clothing you wore at that time and again underscores how personal your art is.

**WP:** The "Felt" in the title is a play on words. The reference is to falling, full colors, the fashion season, and to my general work. Like all of my early work using clothing, they were all my clothes. By using the things you care about the most you are liberating by their loss. The more you give up the more you get back. Very often you can only move forward by letting go. You can't let go if you're stuck.

**JB:** Do you feel that now all that is left of your life from 1981, 1982 apart from friends, is that pace and very other art works which you made at that time, which you no longer possess?

**WP:** Of course not. Less is liberating and is not so much tragic as it is a matter of transformation. It isn't loss in the sense of suffering, but as a means of survival. One survives. I had to work through those things. They were a way to knowledge. The virtue of loss is deliverance.

**JB:** So your own life is not so different from the lives of other people whose identities are only known by the things they leave behind?

**WP:** There is a complete and fundamental difference. Most people suffer loss in the conventional, tragic sense. But someone who is conscious of the importance of loss, who learns from his experience, transcends the loss and in doing so achieves liberating growth.

In addition to my approach to loss, I differ radically from most people in my deliberate opposition to conventional values. I am attempting a reversal of values by denying conventional material values. I'm proposing a new material value, a poetic value. Habit, convention, labels, monetary values are all completely false and prevent us from realizing the much greater truths of poetic value.

**JB:** Your own identifications, sensitivity, and insight into these objects is very strong and intimate and personal that I wonder if there is between your own identity and those silent people here, particularly because you locate the beauty of the objects in which their identities are reversed? Responding to these things do you sometimes feel an anger, become a little boy or girl or an old man or a giddy young woman?

**WP:** I believe that all men are little boys and that all women are partly little girls and that through experience we achieve some insight into the opposite sex, and further that comparing our own worlds singly, each of us carries a bit of that with us. But be careful not to exaggerate the importance of identity at the expense of the nature of the object. The important thing is direct communication with the object.

**JB:** With the gesture of the clothing pieces deriving from the act of undressing it is not surprising that a recurring theme throughout your work is criticism. Along with the clothing pieces, your shower curtains and furrows are coarse bodies. The most explicitly erotic work you've done are the early shower curtains with a grid of hard paperbacks. It was a bold stroke to combine the wonderful illustrated covers with a functional, clear vinyl shower

curtain. Did the ring itself suggest the idea of doing shower curtains?

**WP:** I first discovered shower curtains on the day that I went through my house looking at planes and surfaces not originally used for art. It was inevitable. I liked everything about shower curtains. They are simple and rectangular but aren't hung on the wall, they are utilitarian and had no previous art associations. The first one was with pencils and there are two with paperback books. The theme in my mind was white women, bits and ass in general, and getting women wet.

**[B: And the hot red negative shower curtain?**

**WP:** Those cars are the epitome of folk art in America. They are sculpture in the purest form. By bringing them into a gallery I was seeking recognition of them as art. I respect them as equal to the best "fine art" sculpture.

**[B: What was the motivation behind the record album shower curtain?**

**WP:** They are all heads of black men with processed hair and big lips and the intention was to juxtapose them to an exhibition with the cars and the white women - the ultimate taboo. A statement about American pop culture.

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**[B: Each of the more than 200 little girl's dresses have personal touch to them. Is the visual gesture of the casually dressed garment you have added the physical gesture of little girls who like to wear their dresses. These pieces suggest that you are interested in innocence and memory and point out that our sexual identity begins at childhood, and that sexual reality is innocent.**

**WP:** At its best it's innocent. When it's good it's innocent. This is of course the ultimate defiance act of a little girl. After I had done these pieces a girlfriend brought a childhood photo of herself with her dress raised over her head.

**[B: Developing the theme of female sensitivity, wet, blue, and black panties and bras and sinks and bathtubs are suggestive of a private, feminine world of pampered elegance. Women know very well that there seem to lose about half of their intelligence patterns in the presence of lingerie-but femininity and the advantage of the few. William, I know that you consider women to be privileged beings and are especially fascinated by them. Who are your favorite women and why?**

**WP:** In answer to the "who" there could never be a long enough. As for the "why" I would say all of the things that make them different from men.

**[B: Contrasting distinctly with men's underwear pieces are the works featuring adult shorts, shorts, pajamas, and boxer shorts. Indeed there is a world of difference between socks and stockings, t-shirts and bras, and boxer shorts and panties. Whereas the women's pieces are definitely sexy, for me the men's pieces seem somewhat firm.**

**WP:** There's a humor in the work but my motivation was to show the only things about men that are allowed to be seen. Genuinely anything about a man that is soft must not be revealed, must remain hidden. It is what men have to hide and women don't that makes women so much more interesting.

**[B: The little boys' t-shirts and boy ties are antithetical because William Pissarro is sexual and uses boy's clothing. The boy tie piece (1987) is a favorite of mine. Boys' tie of clear vinyl, it is mounted overhead on the wall and spills across the floor in a continuous line 27 feet long. Symbolically it has "the man" written all over it.**

**[B: There are about 600 little boys' striped t-shirts incorporated into intricate works by Pissarro and they are possibly his strongest graphic statement. Some of these are very reminiscent of Dubuffet's paintings. Was he a conscious influence?**



FALL CLOTHING 1987

**WP:** Dubuffet was not a conscious influence but did notice the similarity long after I had done the work.

**[B: Tell us the story about *Elbo Fierucci*.**

**WP:** In brief, Mr. Fierucci came to my studio and bought a number of the t-shirt pieces. They were then shipped to Milan where they were presented to his designers. Using my work as a starting point, the Fierucci designers created new designs for quantity manufacture. Thus the original t-shirt, which were outgrown by little kids, generated new t-shirts which would also inevitably be outgrown by other little boys.

It's problematic because in search of a larger audience, the artist is sometimes victimized by narrow commercial interests. The commercial angle almost invariably breaks down the creative process. In the '80s the situation is made even more ludicrous by artists who aggressively promote themselves. I won't name names but his initials are Keith Haring.

**[B: Given that your early pieces involving clothing began when you noticed your clothes piling up on the chair beside your bed, it is not surprising that you have done a lot of furniture, most of it chairs, sofas, benches, or some rudimentary form of seating. Sculpturally these shapes are characteristically very simple and are really only vehicles for the gestural and painterly qualities of the clothing with which they are covered. From this perspective even a director's chair may be seen as a "visual stencil" of a chair too long occupying furniture long before the seat itself or its furniture case is invented?**

**[B: I've never considered myself a furniture designer. I wasn't really making furniture. Furniture is only one of many areas that I have worked in; the issue being the appropriateness for the expression of the idea. Specifically in the case of the furniture pieces, growing out of the observation of my clothes draped over a chair, I was also looking abroad to other people sitting on them and draping their clothes over them.**

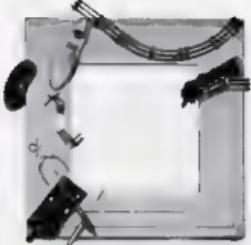
**[B: Truly it was important to show that art wasn't merely something to be hung on a wall above the sofa, that in fact art could be anything. Now that people are seeing art furniture instead of addressing the art they're calling it a chair. *JB:* Your maybe often sees to derive from mundane objects or experience which is not supposed to be art and of course one "drapes" out of iron, rock, paper-bags, magazines, better sheets, t-shirts, etc. Since you were celebrating what was out and working on that is it important, over you uncomfortable moment until presenting such works as high art, preferring to do functional pieces such as shower curtains and furniture?**

**[B: I don't equate the term "high art" with non-functional art works. The only difference between "low" and "high" art is consciousness, and in a Kurt Schwitters collage, trash off the street is very "high." I was doing functional and non-functional pieces simultaneously and had no distinct lines between them.**

**[B: Moving on to your new sculptures, you did something recently which plunged you into a kind of aesthetic crisis. After twelve years using vinyl, you began to make art out of it. *JB:* Are ever "negative" ones that you do furniture. "Get rid of all the" says Pissarro, especially now that it's ok. To do art furniture. While everything going into the fire, did you plan to work across the hot coal?**

**[B: This may sound funny but hundred years after Cubism, but the world is not flat. Much of my work has been about painting and painting various ideas "pictures," and modes of perception are personal interests. I've always thought that realistic painting is kind of dumb because even the best looks so much of the reality I could never bring myself to copy anything. Nevertheless, I have a strong**





interest in painting and art history and I've been research-  
ing "troupe feels" and still life painting. The early vinyl  
pieces I thought of as still lives. I love Peto and Hartnett,  
although I am more interested in perception than in "feel  
of the eye" intricacy. Very often in "troupe feels" painting  
the separation of canvas and frame is made ambiguous by  
continuing the illusion across the frame, either by painting an  
abstract frame, partially painting the actual frame, or  
merely a carved three-dimensional frame which conveys  
the illusion of the painting. The work of René Magritte  
points out that pictures and frames are much the same  
— modes of perception. Characteristically my new  
work involves a reversal of conventional expectation.  
Instead of the art being a "picture" — the art is the frame.

JR: Having done a lot of *photographs* at which he had been very  
successful, Russell begins to be frustrated by the requirement  
that anything he used had to be capable of being flattened. Having  
conquered painting he turned to *sculpture*. Posenets  
began to contemplate the possibility of there no longer being any  
restrictions as to what he might use in his work. Up to the past  
writing seemed most fitting. The rough had to go.

WP: That's the mind-fault. The most interesting thing in  
life is having struggled with a thing and, having perfected  
it, to be able to gather from there.

JR: Most artists have presented a new direction. In Posenets' case  
his horizons have expanded without preoccupation. With the  
new sculpture, he formulates another for infinite possibility.  
Like Cezanne working with the speed of light at his only constant  
he is sole open to the source. The link of the new sculpture to  
the old "painting" is inherent in the fact that everything Posenets  
uses is discarded. And not just anything, but always some  
thing strong and personal and indicative of individual identity  
very often they are discarded possessions. Once personal value at  
far more important than my material value. The new framed  
works enter only one institution, write and typically Posenets is  
already thinking beyond that.

WP: As was the case earlier with the furniture not really  
being furniture, the new frames aren't really frames. Each  
work is a unique idea or aesthetic circumstance. The frames  
ground the work for the moment and, anyway, some vehicle  
is necessary. The use of mirrors in the frames is important  
because the viewer is forced to confront himself in the con-  
text of the objects. The eye and the mind continually shift  
their focus and thus is heightened in the mirrored frames  
because the viewer is both inside and outside the work.  
What Magritte called the human condition. Extending the  
idea of a shift in perception I would like to do free-standing  
frames or doorways, an elevator or a hallway.

JR: Simply by zooming the rug?

WP: I used to say that "rugy" is final. That I discovered  
was only too true. I was getting the concept and the "image"  
that I wanted but along with the obvious limitations to fa-  
tigues, the vinyl was preventing any further dialogue with the  
object. Getting rid of the vinyl not only moved the  
"still-lives" from "painting" into sculpture, but also  
opened up the concept. The meaning of the new works is  
more open and ideally the viewer will engage in his or her  
own private dialogue with the objects.

JR: The thing that intrigues me the most about your work is that  
it is so safely grounded in terms of ideas or modern art history,  
while at the same time it is not derivative of the look of anyone  
else's work. Very often an artist's work is obviously derivative of  
a few other artists and it sits as strong as cornflakes.

WP: A clear idea has its own momentum and will usually  
suggest its own resolution, independently of the logic or  
style of any other artist. Instinct doesn't really work any-  
way—it clouds the ideas.

JR: I'd like to discuss your work as art historical terms, partic-  
ularly for the sake of clarifying your ideas. You're familiar with Man  
Ray's "Empire of Muday Disease?"

WP: Yes, his homage to the grandfather of juxtaposition.  
JR: Exactly. *Emile Dujourie* is the grand name of the early 19th century  
proto-Surrealist French writer Lautréamont whose astonishing  
originality is characterized by his astute remark regarding the  
"chance encounter of a sewing machine and an umbrella in a dis-  
seating table." Man Ray's "Engage" "... is not about the sequences

of dissimilar objects but concerns concealment. As such, it  
is a precursor of the much later work of Christo. In Posenets' work  
the object is not so much a "scraper" as it is a "frame" and there is  
an attempt at concealment, never his mark here so particular  
relative to Christo's. But Man Ray was interested in juxtaposi-  
tion and thus his acknowledgement of Lautréamont. Beyond juxtaposi-  
tion, Man Ray was specifically interested in what we may  
call the poetic object. In this he was the opposite of Duchamp.

Even before Marcel Duchamp gave up painting he was already  
successfully pursuing a rigorously intellectual anti-esthetic. Art had  
become as narrow as the best way to open it up was by attacking  
contextual art attitudes. Duchamp invented "readymade"  
precisely for this purpose. Ordinarily readymades were purely  
trivial mass-produced objects. For Duchamp it was an absolute  
requirement that a readymade have no aesthetic interest. For an  
object to qualify as a readymade, Duchamp had to be indifferent to it.  
If an object was interesting in any way it could not be a  
readymade.

Man Ray, however, only made sculpture from "Objects of My  
Affection." The title is to have us reevaluate his work at the  
Julian Levy Gallery. More language, sound, and verbal puns were  
familiar themes, but whatever the concept, his sculptive elusions  
involved objects endowed with an elusive and poetic meaning  
which derived from the object itself as well as Man Ray's use of it. This is why Posenets' objects are related very much to Man  
Ray and not at all to Duchamp.

WP: I don't identify at all with Duchamp. He's too cool intellectually. With Man Ray, I feel like there are arms around  
me. And do you realize how much Man Ray did? As a teen-  
ager I had difficulty accepting, that Man Ray was only one  
artist because of the variety of directions in his work.

JR: Characteristically Man Ray's objects defy nature, break his  
impotence to Dada and Surrealism. Posenets' new sculptures  
however, hold hands in the poster objects of Man Ray's  
are really much closer to the bones of Joseph Cornell's house  
to describing a world and has no particular interest in being defeatist.  
Visual poetry as the goal and their meaning technically transcends  
naturalism, but unlike Man Ray, they are not anti-artistic! Like  
Cezanne they are, indeed, poetic, yet highly structured!

Returning to the method of juxtaposition, it may be observed  
that where Man Ray and René Magritte juxtaposed objects and  
images emphatically with the intent to bewilder, William Posenets  
does so with Joseph Cornell's more subtle, lighter hands and six  
apses stiffly, gently, respectfully. Generally speaking, Man Ray and  
Magritte will juxtapose harshly, harshly, and Cornell and Posenets  
softly. Posenets' directly. Man Ray and Magritte's progressive  
introduction in subsequent versions means that their evaluation  
isn't their work is a poetic form of consciousness. Undoubtedly they  
are two of the greatest artists of the twentieth century but as  
at times true of pioneers they were required to break new ground in  
order to lay their foundation. By the time of Cornell and Posenets'  
naturalism had become so developed that it was no longer  
worth the effort of attack. Poetry is also the goal for Cornell and Posenets but  
juxtaposition is only accidentally involved. Hence poetic creation is  
performed wonderfully.

Posenets' poetry with the new sculpture is particularly  
intriguing. In contradistinction to the notion "poetry," to which  
the nature and look of a work is very often premised, now he  
has virtually no idea of how a poem will turn out. He has moved  
from the graphically explicit pastiche into some suggestion of his  
former ones, into a much more subtle and poetic language of  
intimate feelings. Formally we are given a graphic image and a  
suggestion of what certain scenes look like, like ice mice inside their  
heads to discover what they think and feel. The early text is exter-  
nal. The new text is internal.

WP: I'm very glad that you're able to see that. With virtually  
every other artist working with objects other than Cornell  
the nature of the object itself is not respected. Jasper Johns'  
well-known quote "Take an object. Do something to it. Do  
something else to it" is typical of the self-centered egocentricity  
of most artists. Manipulation blinds the object. The  
object is dismissed and the manipulation becomes the  
work. Manipulation is easy. The vision, sensitivity, and  
restraint of Joseph Cornell is incomparable.

Cornell was a collector. The validity of the object in and  
of itself was unquestioned. Cornell allowed objects to speak for themselves, and in doing so he created a land-  
scape so vast that few artists of the twentieth century have  
equaled it. More vast than Pollock because of the impor-  
tance in Pollock of the surface and scale of his paintings.  
Some of the only art I can think of whose scale is as vast as  
Cornell's are the Suprematist abstractions of Kazimir  
Malevich and almost anything by Georges Klee.

JR: With the early work Posenets established the taste of the  
curated clothing and objects. By removing the coat ring the  
warmth of the object is released. Also the nature of the objects cho-  
sen is different because it is no longer necessary that they be flat.  
Every possible form, exterior, and texture may be incorporated  
into the new sculpture. Previously only the graphic design was

emphasized and the vinyl distanced the viewer from the object  
removing that sculptural quality would remain latent. Now the  
objects are completely liberated and the new work is a complex of  
intuition and personal feelings and poetic images and tends too  
rich to be reducible to a simple graphic design.

WP: The vinyl was limiting the object to the statement it was  
making. There was still a lot of ego in that work. I wasn't  
paying sufficient attention to the objects themselves. I was  
dictating the nature of the objects. The objects should be  
allowed to dictate the form of the work. The directness and  
openness of Cornell is the standard. That directness, as  
with Edward Hopper, is very American. Even a good idea  
can be too limiting. The Europeans, for example, were all  
intellectuals whose work was limited by their intellectua-  
lism. It is in contradiction that the American directness of  
Cornell should not preclude an old world romanticism.

During the first half of the twentieth century what was  
more American than an exaggeratedly romantic view of old  
world culture? Getting over their awe of the Europeans, if  
they were not actually Europeans themselves, was a tremen-  
dous impetus for the Abstract Expressionists. Again,  
openness and directness allow the viewer a continuous  
and ongoing dialogue with the object, and that is superior  
to even the best idea that is closed.

JR: By a process of development that Posenets would appreciate  
he is right back later to start at a stage old, being  
an older object that fascinates him. Still after he goes beyond the  
recognition of the object which characterizes the early work  
to achieve an intuitive aesthetic dialogue with the object. No  
longer preserving what is looking for a sight line, he uses  
resistance to everything, looking closely, paying attention, listen-  
ing to the aesthetic traits of poetic objects mediated with the effec-  
tive tone of poetic titles like *you are only this* suggests  
titles.

Each new work is a poem unto itself. Having found an  
archery bow, Posenets decided to do a piece involving a  
bow but he wanted a better one and was still unsatisfied  
after collecting seven bows. In the meantime he was look-  
ing at Dutch still life painting and decided to do a still life  
incorporating a violin. Still looking for a bow, he found  
arrows which he immediately associated with the violin  
he had since found. In conversation he commented to me,  
quite seriously, "Don't you always see arrows with violins?" I  
suppose that's obvious, isn't it? I told him, "William I've never associated arrows with violins in my entire life." There is, however, a profound affinity between the  
arrows and the violin (which Posenets points out is a kind  
of bow) and they are the nucleus of a new piece. The piece  
with an archery bow still stands but Posenets thinks he  
may have found a valuable bow in the possession of a friend.

Another work is far enough along to have a title. She was in  
one of her older stories." The nucleus of this work is a  
small smoky oil portrait of a little girl. With this small

painting the earlier little girls drawings acquire an angelic  
face of the most perfect innocence. She knows nothing  
about who she is but she is already the biomimetic she will  
become at a later age. William and I are both in love with her  
but she is too young and innocent to notice and  
therefore, she is in love of her older sister, a ladder bound in  
junk shop. Immediately joined the portrait of the little girl.

"She should have a jump rope," thought William, who was  
then unable to find one. Eventually he considered buying  
a new one, something he almost never does because of  
the importance he places upon an object being both highly  
desired and珍惜 by use. But she really should have a  
jump rope so he bought her one, leaving the store thinking  
it was too new-looking. A few blocks away, still thinking  
about how she would require the new jump rope with the  
little girl and ladder, he found the perfect jump rope in  
the consignment of one of Bill Williams' busier stores.  
Even the light was green. In one fluid movement he  
picked up the jump rope and gathered it while turning  
back to the store for a refund for the too-new jump rope.  
In such a poetic world it becomes increasingly difficult to  
distinguish between art and reality, with the only appar-  
ent difference being that art seems so much more real.

In conclusion I would like to comment on three com-  
pletely different kinds of power in art. The blithely  
graphic power of a Stolle or Lichtenstein is impressive in  
form and scale but we respond coolly because this recog-  
nition is forced upon us. This kind of work asks nothing  
of the viewer and its bombastic tone prevents us from iden-  
tifying with it. It is external. Such work is as much con-  
cerned with product identity as it is with art issues. This is  
the lowest common denominator in painting. At least  
Stolle, who says, "What you see is what you see," doesn't  
overestimate himself.

More subtle is work which requires a response from the viewer for its completion. Generally such work does not involve a repellent graphic image ("Occon Park #3, 1954") and is more abd. ideas. Even when the viewer's response is sought expressly for the purpose of subverting their expectations (as with Duchamp, Magritte and Man Ray), at least a muted dialogue occurs. This work derives its power from the intellect. Intellectually, when it is good, is strictly defined and, hence, not particularly subtle. Yet the key to power in art is subtlety and refinement.

For more subtle is the poetic and open-ended work of such artists as Joseph Cornell, Edward Hopper, and Georgia O'Keeffe, which allows an unlimited, indeterminate dialogue. Not only may such work mean different things to different viewers, its meaning may grow and change over time for a single viewer. The progression, then, is from the inconsequential viewer whose response is irrelevant, to the head of the viewer whose attitudes are either sabotaged or simply reassured, to the heart of the viewer whose subjective and personal feelings sustain an unlimited dialogue with the art. As important as Duchamp is, he never really grabs you, by the throat like Man Ray and Magritte sometimes do, and Cornell and O'Keeffe often do. The reason for this is possibly because we're so protective of our private lives that as few people ever really get to us. You've got to love someone desperately for them to be able to break your heart, yet certain of the self-portraits of Rembrandt or Van Gogh can easily do it. How is it that the boxes of Joseph Cornell can be so devastatingly beautiful? They draw us into a world more beautiful than our own, into which we are completely seduced, wide open and vulnerable. Once there, emotional chords of such intensity are struck that the rupture of the music is almost unbearable. Yet we cannot say no to Joseph Cornell, nor do we want to. This is absolute power.

I have tried to elucidate the sources and development of the art of William Pessarrell, and it is very much to his credit that these influences are more a matter of affinity than mere derivation. In fact, the depth and range of these influences are more indicative of creative freedom than the more common slavery of imitation. William Pessarrell's sculpture does not look at all like the boxes of Joseph Cornell. Yet there are uncanny and unmistakable parallels between them.

Jeffrey Detomasi, San Francisco, May 1986



EVERYTHING AT HOME APPEARED NORMAL, 1986 33" x 33"

HE DANCED HIS WAY OUT OF PHILADELPHIA, 1986 33" x 33"





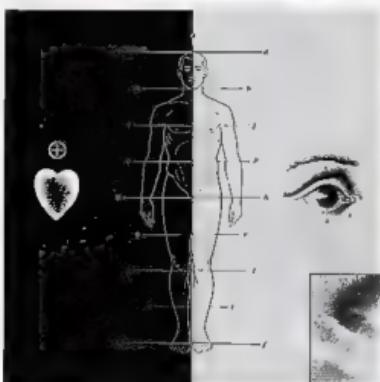
Fig. 3. 450 nm,  $\lambda$ , 100 nm, 300 nm, 500 nm.

#### The Four Challenges

The first evidence of a difference was in the response of the two groups to the educational material, and we hypothesized that the educational material would be more effective for the group that had been exposed to the intervention. The results showed that the intervention group had a significantly higher mean score than the control group.

— but we are likely to be against it, because of  
the terrible damage which the disease can do to  
people, particularly young people — so we have to do  
what we can to help them. We are doing our best to help  
them, but we are not able to do everything.  
We are trying to help as many people as  
possible, but there are still many more who  
need help. We are doing what we can, but  
we are not able to help everyone.

Obtaining a nonresident alien's permanent residence  
status at the time of entry into the United States  
is called **adjustment of status**.





Following estimates the 8.0% BCI as a target. The target endpoint for toxicity will be the dose at which 10% of the mice were found to be possibly affected and no weight loss was observed. At the target dose, plasma samples will be collected and analyzed by the drug assay laboratory to determine the total amount of drug in the plasma. The total amount of drug will be compared to the amount of drug administered and the percent bioavailability and the percent bioavailability will be determined.

This two-year study, funded by the National Science Foundation, is designed to examine the relationship between the use of computer-based instruction and student achievement in science.

Structural and functional properties of the adult hippocampus. In: *Developmental and Behavioral Biology*, Vol. 10, pp. 1-16. New York: Academic Press.

Although the US is the global leader for intergenerational care, Australia has made significant progress.

तुम व्यक्तिगत रूप से अपनी प्रेमिका को बदल दिया हो। उसका नाम ज्ञानी वर्षा है। इनकी शादी का आयोग तुम्हारे पास है।





Mark Farbin Photography (415) 550-7965

A word about the plot (Tunich and In-

It is as yet no *fixed plan* in the collection of drawings and settings to which I give the name of "Pisicchio Fustar". At present, the work has suffered much while not yet defined, but which are definitely by the time of the first performance. The first sketch of *Pisicchio Fustar* (see note below) is given above in its score, perhaps reading a little what some older critics "an ago-wor". Whether I'll make any changes will be "an agno-wor".

The Pinocchio Turpise could also be called the Pinocchio in Progress, because it is a work in constant progression. Naturally, the work had an autotheatrical character.

You might see a feature more easily than a trail. When you close all the pinocchis *metabolos*, it might appear to you as a collection of separate events, the

## The Plot (Synopsis)

One possible plot is that Penitentiary, at the end of Collier's chapter 1, throws through an effort he had been making to get his wife back into his life. This would be a good ending to a section of a novel and the first Penitentiary chapter at it as he would be back of his former, less fat, wife, and, though, owing much, "How ridiculous I was," (pg. Penitentiary would start from this point), animated by the rays of a full, rather than a half, moon, he'd follow the air brought through the window, in search of the perfume of the flowers of St. Agnes, a passage of the modern metropolis, where he feels imprisoned. He avances, however, existing his desire to participate in the process of changing the atmosphere around him, to do more for more human beings, and, in this connection, in a second novel after this one, he creates another who, upon his return to the prison after some time away, "was disposed," from this intransigent state, the "renowned" *Penitentiary*.

wooden puppet was it, still clapped in space. It was a knight running after him with a long sword. The knight is able to reach Phoenix and to cut off his wooden head, which rolls away in space, like a meteor with a painted handle, towards a full, pale-orange moon. Phoenix's wood, we know, tells Collected's story, does not blend and can be replaced and altered together, but that does not happen here, because Phoenix is "telling an unbroken lie." The story of the resurrected puppet ends there, because in all the tables, maybe characters like Phoenix cannot live on, maybe because the universal truth that Collected has captured in his original monologue.

Once Upon a Time

# Pinocchio Furioso

**Pinochio Furioso**, by Giannarino Russo, is the work of a child prodigy. The presentation of the subject matter is very loosely suggested by the author's favorite bedtime stories, Carlo Collodi's *Pinocchio* and Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (a 16th century romantic fantasy about the loves and battles of Charlemagne's knights). It is similar to a child's method of invention as he runs around the playground impersonating a favorite character . . . and then Pinocchio Furioso gets caught in a storm of asteroids . . . and then he enters the city of Riga . . . and . . . . Rather than portraying a unified whole, the works have been strung together as a series of incidents that have no necessary or logical connection. These works compel the viewer to enter the child's game by agreeing to abandon the reality of volumes and solids, and of the color suggested by shading and perspective. Russo's crisp contours or agile jottlings do not attempt to create the illusion of space, but rather to create a game in the space of the page.

The artist, Giannmaria Musso, takes this "Child's play" very seriously - so that even though he is already 27 years old, his commitment to child's play still qualifies him as a child prodigy. While others seriously commit themselves to planting rows of fields, knitting rows of thread, adding columns of figures, working on assemblage lines, or waiting in traffic lines, Giannmaria Musso has thoroughly occupied himself with the child labor of producing lines - not as decoration, nor as representation, nor as moralistic narrative, but instead as serious play. In the role of Pinocchio Fusoso, he invites us to follow him through the playground of the page.

-Richard Ingraham





**The Return to Biga** Here Pinocchio is coerced back to the evil city of the Heteropods [ie., I did not take the idea from "Escape from New York"]



**Pinocchio in Nihilism Man Type of Spacehill Digging Rocks**, in a Style Reminiscent of Hergé's "Tintin Goes to the Moon." Pinocchio does not need either oxygen or food, being made of wood, but having lost sight of his compatriots, spends his time repairing wandering spaceships, collecting space minerals and writing a diary of his dreams and memories

**The Flight by Spaceship** All attempts to escape the City of Biga have resulted in failure. In the last resort, Pinocchio, with a group of computers and butterfly servers, secretly builds a spaceship with which one night, by surprise, the group escapes the City of Biga. This is an unfortunate event because a process of change in the environment of the city is taking place under the sunlight, as enormous flowers are planted on top of the skyscrapers.



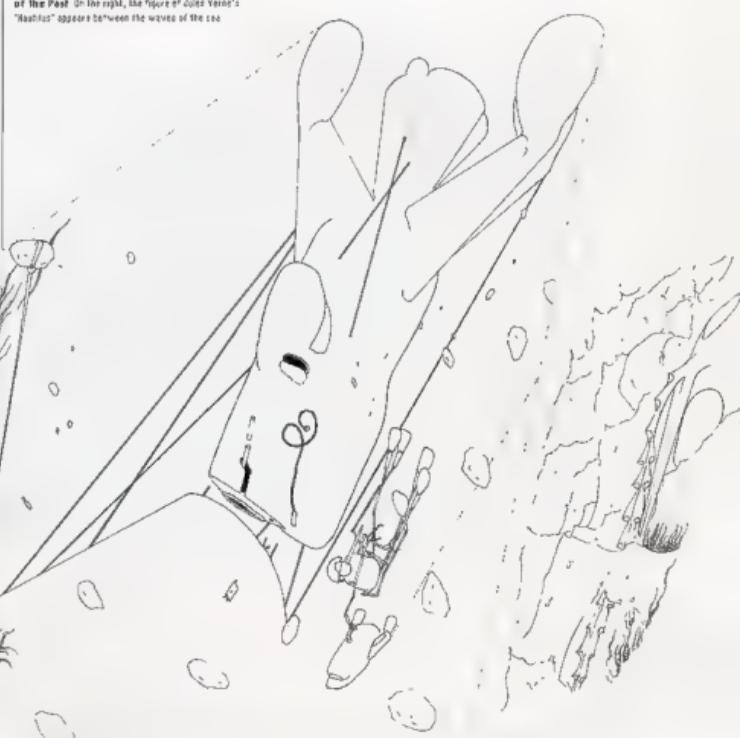
#### Duck-Footed Spaceship in Cubist Perspective

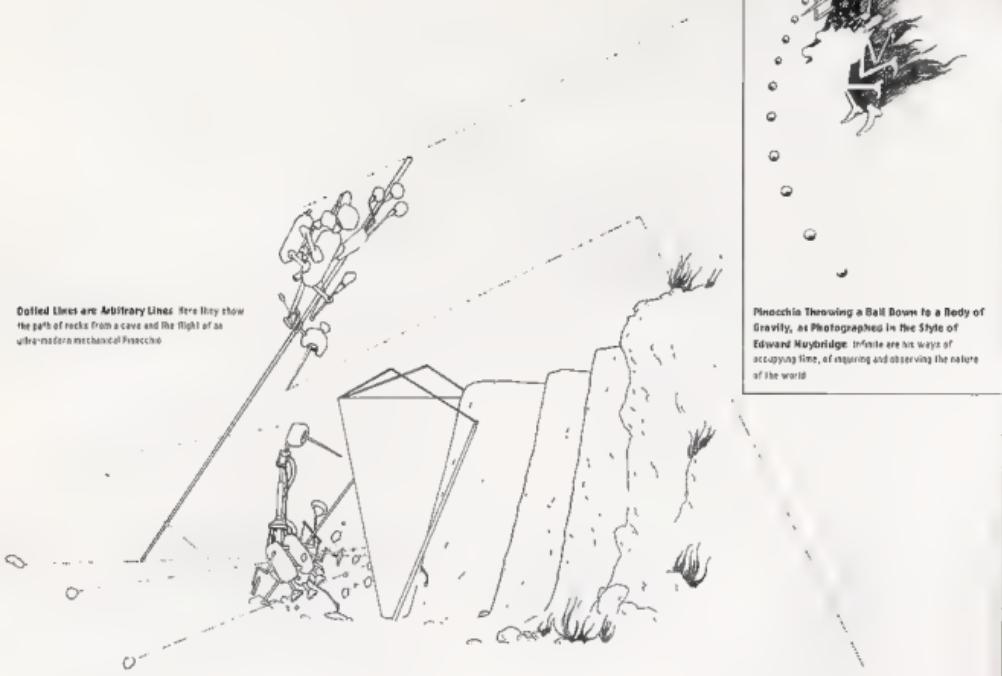
**and Explosion** Grass-in outer space. Pinocchio is sent spinning around, catapulted by the impact. He sees... in the kaleidoscopic confusion of the moment things as different as rocks, blundering reptiles, roses, hair, dragons, falling arches, street lights, elevators and racing cars



#### Pinocchio Pulls Together Pieces of a Ship While Dotted Lines Separate Him from Dreams of the Past

On the right, the figure of Jules Verne's "Nautilus" appears between the waves of the sea



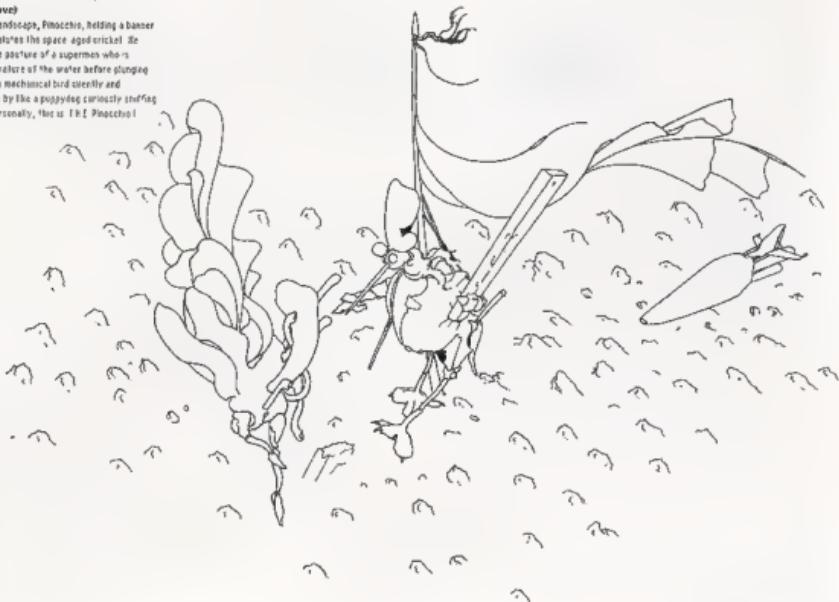


Dotted lines are Arbitrary Lines Here they show the path of rocks from a cave and the flight of an ultra-modern mechanical Pinocchio

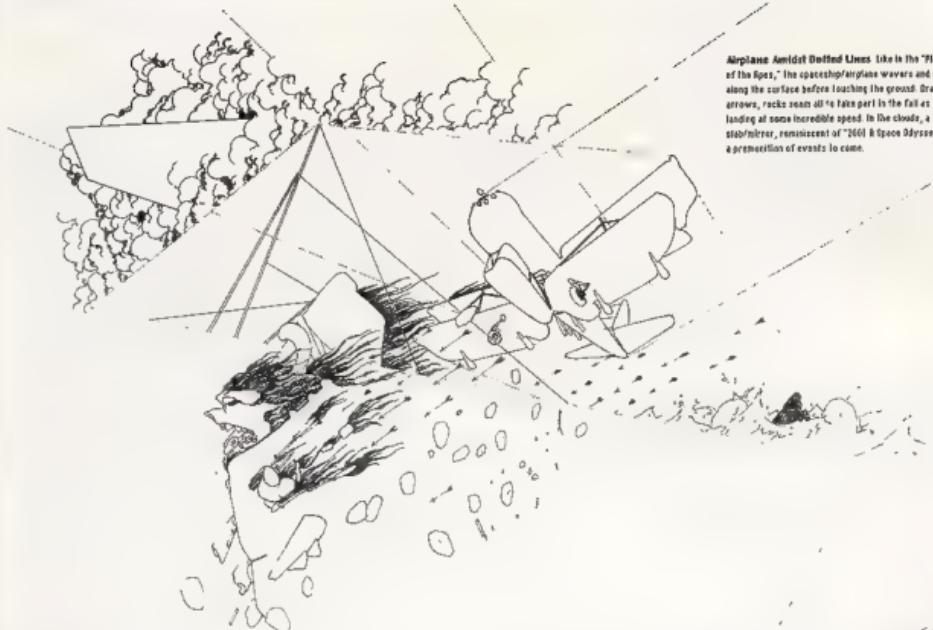
Pinocchio Throwing a Ball Down to a Body of Gravity, as Photographed in the Style of Edward Muybridge. Infinite are his ways of occupying time, of insuring and observing the nature of the world.

The Conversation with the Jimmney Cricket  
(The Kassel I love)

On a winter rocky landscape, Pinocchio, holding a banner and a giant rod, salutes the space aged cricket. He descends with the posture of a supreme who is finding the temperature of the water before plunging into it. Gooey, a mechanical bird chirrily and continuously croaks by like a pugnacious correctly sniffing the situation. (Personality, that is. The Pinocchio here.)



Airplane Amidst Dotted Lines. Like in the "Planet of the Apes," the spaceship/airplane wavers and skips along the surface before touching the ground. Dragon, arrows, rocks seem all to take part in the fall as if landing at such incredible speed in the clouds, a star/mirror, reminiscent of "2001 A Space Odyssey," is a premonition of events to come.



The Burning Airplane has reached almost "zero altitude" at 1 kilometer slightly above the tips of the waves below. The apoplectic Pinocchio frenetically starts a prayer with all the fervor of wishing to save no one, belching anything which comes to his mouth, piling names of oves and titles of possible books one on top of the other as if it's a grocery list!



Pinocchio, Cavalier with Many Arms on a banklessed horse shows as a character worthy of the ballads and the rhymes of the 19th century Italian poem "Il Conte Foscari" as his dream, our hero lives as one of the Paladins



Piauchius wakes up after having become a clergyman, and sees the knight of Forgetfulness coming. After him brandishing a long sword.

The Field of Mirrors Reflecting Distant Clouds and not nearby nature, are elements borrowed from surrealism, which is what connects space technology and the world in the time of Charlemagne.

Time progresses, like the wind pushes the Ship and the Three Piauchius Fighting near Lamp Posts and Cotton-Ball Trees.



He remembered The Snake.



He remembered when he posed as The Discobolus (Ilios Thrower) near the Tomb of His Sister with the Deep Blue Hair.



He remembered the rainy Times in the City of Riga.

# 1916

D'après de Vagues

souvenirs d'H. Barbusse

by Didier Cremieux

**T**HE SOLDIER HAS BEEN  
LOCKED IN HIS ROOM FOR  
NEARLY TWO WEEKS.  
OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS AND  
IN THE NEXT ROOM WHICH HE  
OBSERVES THROUGH A CRACK IN  
THE WALL, DEATH IS EVERYWHERE  
INVADING HIS LAND. THE FLOWERS  
HE ONCE LOVED ARE NOW THE  
FIELDS OF MUD AND BLOOD.



THE DEATH OF OTHERS, LIKE THE  
OLD NEIGHBOR SURPRISED IN HIS  
LAST BREATH, AS HAGGARDS  
ALREADY TOILED IN HIS THROAT, THE  
DEATH OF THE WHORE, WHOSE HEAD  
WAS NEARLY SEVERED BY A SMILE  
AND WHO LAYS BY THE TRENCH.



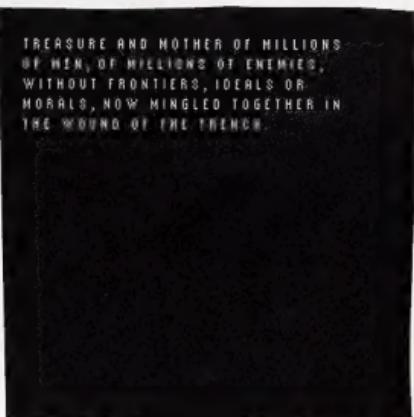
THE COLONEL, MASSACRED, JUST LIKE  
THE WHORE, FILLED IN THE FIELDS OF  
MUD. SHE DOESN'T GET THE MUSIC  
ON THE HORNS.



AND THE MAGGOTS ALREADY GNAWING  
AT THE COLONEL'S MEDALS, WHILE  
THE WHORE'S DRIED UP FLESH IS  
BEING DISPERSED IN THE FOUR WINDS.



AN OLD DRIED-UP APPLE COVERED  
WITH WHITE SILVER HAIR AND OLD  
GOLD, SIMILAR TO OLD TREASURES.  
THAT LIE HERE AND THERE ALONG THE  
STREETS.



TREASURE AND MOTHER OF MILLIONS  
OF MEN, OF MILLIONS OF ENEMIES,  
WITHOUT FRONTIERS, IDEALS OR  
MORALS, NOW MINGLED TOGETHER IN  
THE WOUND OF THE TRENCH.



NO THE BODY OF THE COLONEL,  
SHRINKING AMIDST THE BOMBS  
WITH THE LAUGH OF THE  
GORED LAND, THE LAND RAPEED BY  
SOLDIERS IN MUDDY UNIFORMS.



FLESH COLORED GOLEMS, EXORCISED  
PUPPETS SLASHED BY THE BAYONETS.  
AS THE BLOOD FLOWS MIXED WITH  
RAIN TO NOURISH THE EARTH, THE  
HOMELAND OF MOTHERS OF STARVING  
CHILDREN, DELIBERATELY FORNOCED.



ABANDONED TO THE VICES OF EARLY  
MORNING BUTCHERS, SUSPENDED ON  
THE MEATHOOKS OF THE BATTLEFIELD  
AND SO WE WALK, AS ONE MAN, ON  
THE WRY TO GLORY, AND THE FLAG  
FLUTTERS BEFORE US.

- NOËL 1985 -

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